Euen in these honest meane habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the Iay more precious then the Larke?
Because his feathers are more beautifull?
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted Skin contents the eye.
Oh no *Kate*: neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolike, we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walke on foote;
Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:
Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,
You are still crossing it, sirs let 't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.

Hor. Why so this Gallant will command the sunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceiued,
Signior *Baptista* may remember me
Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*.

Tra. Where wee were Lodgers, at the *Pegasus*.
'Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy.

'Twere

'Twere good he weere school'd.

Tra. Feare you not him: sirra *B*
Now doe your dutie throughlie I a
Imagine 'twere the righ *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, feare not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy er

Bion. I told him that your fathe
And that you look't for him this da

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold t
Heere comes *Baptista*: set your co

Enter Baptista and Lucent
and bare hea

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you are ha
Sir, this is the Gentleman I told yo
I pray you stand good father to me
Giue me *Bianca* for my Patrimony

Ped. Soft son: sir by your leaue
To gather in some debts, my son *L*
Made me acquainted with a waigh
Of loue betweene your daughter
And for the good report I heare of
And for the loue he beareth to your
And shee to him: to stay him not t
I am content in a good fathers car
To haue him matcht, and if you pl
No worse then I vpon some agreem
Me shall you finde readie and willi
With one consent to haue her so be
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I h
Your plainnesse and your shortnesse
Right true it is your son *Lucentio* he
Doth loue my daughter, and she l
Or both dissemble deepely their affe
And therefore if you say no more th
That like a father you will deale wit
And passe my daughter a sufficient

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